

Knowledge and Judgment: Friendship's Suspicions

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Summary: Matt has suspicions about a potential enemy. Can he figure out what's up?

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> <meta name="Author"> suspicions Knowledge and Judgment:
Friendship's Suspicions

Author's notes: Yes, it's another part of that long fic I'm writing... Again, this part won't actually be in the story. Well, not written this way, at least. This is from Matt's point of view, expressing his concern for TK and his suspicion against Kaylasii.

The sun had set hours ago, and now the sky was dark and clear, dotted with millions of shining stars which glittered like fireflies against a black cloak.

> I sat with my back against the rough bark of a pine tree, thinking about what had happened since we had arrived in the Digital World as I stared into the campfire. There was a strange feeling in the air, and it seemed to come from the strange girl who had joined us only hours ago. There's something weird about her, I thought. Something just doesn't seem right.
 I looked closely at the stranger, who somehow didn't quite seem like a stranger. She was a lot older than any of us. Probably fifteen, at least. That alone was probably the cause for my feeling so suspicious. But even so... something just didn't seem right.

> Maybe it was her odd looks. Her hair, which wasn't quite white, or any other colour. It was just kind of translucent, like frosted glass. Or her eyes, which were wolf-like and icy blue.
 Or maybe.. maybe it was the way she was so kind to Izzy, but so cold to the rest of us. She treated him as if he was an old friend, or maybe a little brother. It was weird, the way she would talk to him, and smile whenever he made one of his strange comments in that huge vocabulary of his.

> I remembered how we had met her. It had only been a few hours ago, but it still bothered me. We had all been feeling edgy for days, and

there was the constant feeling that we were being followed. And today, just as it was getting dark, we heard a voice in the trees up above, cold and threatening. It had told us that we were to drop whatever weapons we had, including our digivices. It had said that it had a power, and it was centered toward "the smallest one in our group". If we didn't obey, my brother, TK, would die.
 We were all afraid, no question of that. Tai was kind of reluctant to obey.. he wasn't thinking straight, as usual. But of course even he did as the voice commanded... after all, we couldn't just let this enemy shoot TK, right? I'll admit it, I was scared. Very scared.

> We were all kind of petrified, waiting for a reaction. But strangely enough, Izzy was the first one to speak out. Usually Tai would be the one to think of something, no matter how stupid it might be, but not this time. He asked the voice to show itself, because if we knew who our attacker was... it would be easier to defeat him.

 That was when Kaylasii dropped in. She had been the one who threatened us. At first I thought I was imagining things when I saw her jump down from the treetops, gloved hands drawing back the string of an enormous longbow, icy eyes filled with an expression that clearly stated that she was determined to cause some destruction. But as before, Izzy was the voice of reason.

> I knew that Izzy was observant, but I never figured that in a time like this he would notice that our attacker wore a digivice and tag, but no crest. He figured that she was the ninth digi-destined...

<p>

And now, only four hours later, he was talking with the newcomer, Kaylasii, as if he had known her all his life. Her digimon, Dracomon, a sarcastic little dragon-like digimon, was introducing herself to Tentomon and Patamon. Everything was normal, I guess. Well, as normal as things got with us... but there was just this feeling around. The same one that had been around for days. There was something about this girl, this Kaylasii, that didn't seem right. Why had she attacked us?

> Oh, sure, she said that we were intruding on her territory, and she thought we were enemies. But who would take a cheesy explanation like that? Tai, maybe, but... not me. Not by a long shot. <p>

"Let me get this straight, Izz-man. You're saying that I might be the ninth digi-destined? You're crazy. There isn't anything special about me, nothing sacred, nothing different.. I'm just your average run-of-the-mill street dog." I heard her say, a chuckle in her voice as she playfully ruffled the young boy's reddish brown hair.

> Izz-man? I thought, arching an eyebrow. She wasn't always so cheerful. Had she somehow gotten ahold of some cherry coke?
 "Yes, Kay, and I happen to be little more than your average computer expert, and it certainly doesn't seem very logical for me to be a digi-destined, does it?" I heard Izzy reply, babbling off in that weird nerd-lingo that amazingly, Kaylasii understood.

> I sighed, and leaned back against the tree. I'll figure this all out later, I thought. Maybe after I get some sleep.. Right now it's just too much for me to handle.
 I slipped my harmonica out of my pocket and began to play, relishing the sweet sound. I might not understand Izzy's yammering, and I might not understand why Kaylasii would attack us, but there was one thing I did understand: music.

> Smiling slightly as I played, I began to wonder why we were here in the Digital World again in the first place. It just didn't seem right. There was no real reason for us to be here... unless it had something to do with a new enemy. That's always the way it goes. And

that enemy could be Kayalsii...
 But was Izzy right? I wondered, glancing at the white-haired stranger. Was she really the ninth digi-destined? That couldn't be right..
> I closed my eyes, trying to ignore my thoughts. Don't let it bug you, Yamato, I told myself. You'll figure it out eventually. <p>

A sweet sound seemed to join with the voice of my harmonica, not so much interrupting it as adding to it. I glanced up in surprise, trying to find where it was coming from. Not far away, Kaylasii sat with her back to a tree, eyes closed as she blew into a reed flute.

> So that's what I heard, I thought. Great. First she attacks us, and now she has the nerve to intrude on my music. I'll show her...
 I was about to start playing again when I heard my brother's small voice. I looked up and saw TK sit down next to the stranger, grinning like a cat that had spent too much time in the catnip.
> "You play really good, Kay." he said. "Almost as good as my brother."
 Kaylasii arched an eyebrow, and smiled at him with an expression that seemed to me slightly dark underneath the light. "Oh really? I'd have to be pretty darn good, then if I'm just about as good a player as he is." she lowered her flute, and drew her knees up to her chest. "But which one is your brother? I've got a slippery mind, y'know, and I have trouble remembering that stuff."
> "He is." replied TK, pointing to me. "That's Matt. The one that was playing the harmonica with you."
 I felt my face turn red, and I quickly looked down. Oh damn, she's looking straight at me, one side of my mind said. So what? sneered the other side of my mind. Let her look all she wants.
> "So that's your brother, eh?" I heard her say. "Well, seems to me that you're pretty dang lucky to have a big bro like him."
 "Yeah." TK replied. "He's the best."

I glanced up, hoping I didn't look like too much of an idiot. TK doesn't know what he's talking about, I thought. That's gotta be it.

> She's too nice to him, my instinct told me. There's something not right about her. After all, you can't be someone's enemy one second and their best friend the next. In Izzy's words, it's highly illogical.
 Kaylasii was still talking to TK. What is it about her? My mind seemed to scream. There's just something... as I watched, she embraced him, grinning. "You're great, kid. I wish I had a little bro like you," I heard her say.
> That was it. I had had enough. <p>

"TK, get over here. Stay away from Kaylasii." I commanded, trying not to make my voice as cold as I felt.
> "Why?" he asked, looking at me with those innocent blue eyes of his. "Whass wrong?"
 "I don't want you to go near her. She might be dangerous." I said calmly. "Now c'mon.. I need to to talk to you."

> "But Tai and Izzy said that-"
 I narrowed my eyes, clenching my teeth. "I don't care what Tai and Izzy said. She's the one who almost shot you, remember? It isn't safe to be around her."
> "But-"
 "Now, Takeru." I said, my voice harsh and cold.
> I saw him cringe, and he looked up at Kaylasii. "Sorry." he said to her. "I gotta go. Matt only calls me by my real name when he's REAL mad." Slowly he stood and walked over to me, sighing. <p>

"Sorry about that, TK." I whispered, hugging him. "It's just, well.. you know I worry about you. I just want you to be safe, y'know?"

> "I know." he muttered, looking up at me. "But I can take care of myself...."
 "Sure you can, squirt." I said, laughing. "But sometimes, even the people who can take care of themselves need someone to watch their back. I mean, just look at Tai. If it weren't for Sora, he'd be doin' stupid stuff without thinking, and he'd get into a ton of trouble. Not that it isn't like that now, but he'd get into even more trouble, you know?"

> He was quiet for a moment, thinking. "So you mean that I've got to be careful, and not do anything dumb."
 I shook my head. "No... I just mean that you have to watch yourself when you're around her. And don't get too attached to her.. she's trouble. I can just feel it..." I sighed. "Look, squirt, it's not that I... I mean... look. I won't be around forever, you know? And I just want you to be safe..." My voice trailed off as I glanced down at him, and smiled, the first true smile that I had experienced in a long while. He'd fallen asleep, and as he lay against me, a small hand clutching at my shirt, I couldn't help but hope that this would all be over soon, and we'd all be able to return to the real world safely.

> "God.... if there is a god..." I whispered, looking up at the starry sky. "You've let us through okay a million times before, and I hate to ask this of you.... but please, God..... don't let anything happen to TK."
 Having said this, I closed my eyes and allowed myself to slip into the comfort of sleep, hoping that we would stay alive to see another day.

>

End
file.